

Horticultural.

CABBAGE AROUND TECUMSEH.

The raising of cabbage in quantities is increasing in this vicinity, and a word as to our mode of culture may not be out of place at this season of the year. First as to soil: Cabbage will do well on any good corn land, such as will grow one hundred bushels to the acre, but the best soil is a heavy sandy loam, with plenty of lime in it. For early cabbage we sow the seed in February and March, taking care to keep the plants growing, so that they will make fine plants ready to set out in April. The varieties used are the Early Jersey Wakefield and Henderson's Early Summer. The Wakefield is the earliest, but the Summer makes the largest heads and stands longest without bursting; in fact I never had any on my hands long enough to burst. Plow under twenty-five wagon loads of manure to the acre, mark out in rows three feet apart, setting the plants eighteen inches apart in the row. Cultivate and hoe them once a week till the plants touch each other. The Planet Jr. cultivator is the tool to use. You can commence cutting cabbage from plants set out the middle to the last of April, by the tenth of July. My sales this year from 3,000 early plants, one-third Wakefield and two-thirds Summer, were \$125. For late cabbage we grow only the Premium Flat Dutch and Potter's Early Drumhead. The seed is sown in open ground in May, and set out from the middle to the last of June, and some as late as July 10th last year made a good crop. Plow under about ten loads of manure to the acre and top dress with 200 lbs. salt to the acre. Mr. Comfort raised 27 acres Premium Flat Dutch without any other manure than 200 lbs. phosphate and 100 lbs. salt to the acre, and his sales were \$1,500, in car-load lots. One important hint in setting out plants, trim all the leaves off but one or two in the heart; by so doing the plant does not wilt. My sales of late cabbage last year were \$150 per acre net.

ABNER WILSON.

FLORICULTURAL.

At a recent exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society last month one hundred and sixteen varieties of narcissus were on exhibition. This is a much neglected flower, yet a beautiful and attractive one, and valuable for forcing for indoor decoration. This is the largest display of the kind ever made in America.

The Jacqueminot rose is one of our most beautiful hybrid perpetuals, being a rich, deep, velvety crimson. With winter protection it may be grown in the open ground and will blossom abundantly. Its flowers, however, are not so rich and deep in color as when produced under glass, but are still very beautiful. They are very double and delightfully fragrant.

A CANADIAN gardener says that to show a distinct pattern with flowering plants requires a considerable amount of attention and care to be properly done. To keep colors from mixing he has two plans, one of which is to plant a line of some stiff growing plant between the colors, to be trimmed to line and height. Achyranthus is good for this purpose. His other plan is to plant short stakes around the lines and run stove-pipe wire on them, turning the colors to their respective places.

WM. FALCONER, in the *Country Gentleman* says: To increase dahlias, start them early and propagate from cuttings of the young shoots. Also make cuttings of staves, salvia, and the double or finer sorts of single petunias. In propagating plants from cuttings of the young wood, observe that the cuttings are, till rooted, at all times shaded from sunshine, protected from drafts and undue drying influence. Keep them moderately moist, but avoid watering them often than is necessary. When they have made roots about an inch long, or a little less, pot them, and afterward report them when they become pretty well rooted, and before they get anything near being pot-bound.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Prairie Farmer* says: "The seed of the Cobaea scandens should be planted edgewise and not watered, or at least but sparingly, until the plant shows itself. I have raised them from the seed in the open ground, but a better way is to plant them in little flower pots, one seed in a pot, and sink them to the rim in a hot-bed. They can be gradually 'hardened off,' and the transplanting will not hurt them in the least. By the way, this is a capital way to grow any tender plant. I have grown carnations and geraniums in this way, and made strong plants of them much sooner than if I had depended on the common method of transplanting them from boxes."

ON the subject of flower beds the *Rural New Yorker* advises: Flower beds, so far size and number are concerned, will depend on the supply of hardy or tender plants at command. The old style of flower-garden, consisting of a lot of beds of all manner of geometrical forms, grouped together on the lawn, as represented in most gardening books, is, in our opinion, an error, and not at all in keeping with progressive floriculture. Besides, it can only be used for tender plants, as geraniums, alternantheras, coleus or the like. Circles, ovals, oblong figures, and plain beds of like easy pattern are the most appropriate, no matter what we wish to display in them, or what pattern we wish to display with the plants used in filling them. Remember that it is not in the size, form, or number of beds that the beauty of a flower-garden consists, but in the flowers themselves: therefore make the beds to best suit the flowers. A multitude of little beds show bad taste; besides, they cause much more trouble to keep them in good trim than the same space would in moderately large ones. They may be made near the house, near the margin of the lawn, by the roadside,

or in any other desirable place, providing you do not cut up the middle of your lawn with them. Sometimes we observe the little grass plot in front of a suburban house, with one large flower-bed in the middle of it; then we take for granted that four months of geraniums and coleuses are more esteemed than twelve months of lawn. In these center-beds we seldom see hardly perennials.

Time for Pruning.

The *Country Gentleman* says: "The frequent inquiries and occasional mistakes made as to the best time for pruning orchard trees, induces us to recur once more to the subject, to show that no fixed or blind rule can be adopted, applicable alike to all conditions. The effect of reducing the branches, or of cutting them back, is most conspicuously shown in young trees, and most of all in those which are newly transplanted. A newly set tree, which has its shoots shortened to counterbalance the necessary mutilation of roots, will be improved or accelerated in growth if this pruning is done in spring before growth commences, or before the buds begin to open; but it will be seriously checked if the work is done later.

"The effect thus exhibited in young trees shows the principle which governs growth in larger trees connected with pruning at the different times. It is most strikingly exhibited in all newly transplanted trees; most of all in young cherry trees, which are severely checked by summer pruning and often killed by it; and least of all in peach trees, which have more power to recover from any check given; but even these should not be pruned in summer, unless the work is lightly done, or unless in trees of great vigour of growth where some check will do them no harm; or sparingly in young nursery trees to reduce them to shape.

"The most common difference of opinion among orchardists, is in relation to pruning bearing trees. There is sufficient mass in large trees to supply growth to new shoots with less check than in smaller trees, and a rule commonly adopted is to prune in June, when the wounds will soon heal over, and there will be less exudation of sap. This rule will answer for such trees as are growing rapidly, and which will bear some check. But it is not adapted to trees of slow or feeble growth. The same principle controls growth in large trees as in newly set young trees, as already explained, although less in degree.

"The summer wound may heal over sooner, but it does not always leave the tree in the best condition. Experiments made some years ago, by cutting off a limb in every month, showed after a growth of five years by cutting into each, that the central wood was least decayed in the trees which were pruned in February and March, and most so in those cut in June and July. The winter-made wounds dried and hardened best. This experiment is easily repeated, and it may give useful information to orchardists if often tried. But it should be remembered in all such experiments that heavy pruning at one time is never desirable.

Fighting the Canker Worm.

We make a few extracts from the report of the United States Entomological Commission, in which Prof. C. V. Riley gives some methods of fighting the canker worm:

The absence of wings in the female gives us at once a power over her which is half the victory, and anything that will prevent her ascending the trunk will, in a great measure, though not entirely, preserve the tree from the ravages of the worm.

The preventive measures most generally in use have consisted of some application of a sticky nature to the trunk of the tree, whereby the feet of the moth may be encumbered and from which she may be unable to escape. Various substances have been used for this purpose, among which may be mentioned printers' ink, tar, bird-lime, refined sorghum molasses, slow-drying varnishes and melted India rubber. Oil and resin, boiled together in proper proportions, answers better than tar, because the mixture does not dry up so much on hot days.

The methods of application of these substances have been diverse. They have been applied either directly around the body of the tree, or over a broad belt of clay-mortar, or on strips of old canvas, on stiff paper, on the under side of a horizontal and close-fitting collar of boards fastened around the trunk, or by means of tin collars provided with troughs for holding oil. Whatever substance is used must be renewed as often as it becomes dry or as the surface ceases to be sticky or becomes coated with a mass of captured moths. If tar is used it should be entirely scraped from the bark when the season for which it is needed is over. If bandages are used they should be removed at the same time.

B. B. Walsh, a practical entomologist, says: To head the canker worm effectually, the trees must be tarred off every day from the latter end of October to the middle of May, or to about the time that the apple leaves are completely put forth, omitting the operation on cold days in the dead of winter. To be on the safe side call the whole net time 150 days. A man could certainly tar 100 trees in an hour, which would require in all 150 hours or fifteen days' work in saving the apple crop of 100 trees. Viewed as a question of dollars and cents the operation is most certainly a paying one.

The hanging tin band, if kept properly oiled, is advised over all other forms of troughs, since many of the latter get filled up with the dead bodies of the moth or with leaves, or get bridged with spider-web. When fastened around the tree all troughs must needs be renewed as the growth of the tree increases. The following has been used with success: A band or circle of tin, a few inches outside the trunk of the tree and held there by a circle of muslin, attached to the tin at its upper edge and drawn with a cord at the top, so as to fit the tree closely and prevent the insects from getting up without going over the tin, covered with a mixture of castor oil and kerosene. As soon as they touch this they drop to the

ground. After the tin and muslin are attached to the tree, the whole inner or lower surface of the tin is daubed with a mixture of equal parts of kerosene and castor oil.

Troughs made of tin, lead, rubber or iron are used for holding substances of an oily nature, which latter kills the insects as they come in contact with it. The principal objections to their use are their first cost, the difficulty of fixing and keeping them in their places, and the injury suffered by the trees when their contents are washed or blown out and fall on the bark. Before the troughs are fastened and filled, the body of the tree should be well coated with clay paint or whitewash, to absorb the oil that may fall upon it. Care should be taken to renew the oil as often as it escapes or becomes filled with the insects. These troughs possess many advantages. Oil troughs to be safe and sure may be sunk in the ground close around the butt of the tree, affording no chance for the young worms to get up between the trough and the tree, and avoiding any injury to the tree with oil or tar. Belts of cotton wool have been used to entangle the feet of the moths, and collars of tin plates, fastened around the trees like an inverted funnel, have been proposed.

The first year that tar, printers' ink, or any substance which kills the moth is used, there is constant danger that the moths will appear in such numbers as to "bridge over," and thus enable some to cross on the dead bodies of their comrades. After an orchard has been well protected, however, there is little danger that the moths will next year go up in sufficient numbers to do this. Generally, by applying the remedy thoroughly during two successive years, the enemy will be utterly routed.

So far as possible, the canker worms should be prevented from reaching the leaves of the tree, but where they have thus been allowed it is best to strew the ground lightly with straw on a calm day, give the tree a good jarring, which will suspend the worms in mid-air. Cut loose the suspended worms by swinging a pole above them, which breaks the silken threads and causes them to fall to the ground. Then set fire to the straw. Even if the fire is not made, the worms may be prevented from returning to the tree by the same means which were employed to keep off the perfect females.

Pruning Peach Trees.

The *Country Gentleman* says: "Owners often hesitate to prune their trees which are coming into copious bearing, because they fear to cut away a part of the promised crop. Where the future crop has been killed by the cold, they will of course have no such fear, and they may freely take advantage of the situation, and cut back the shoots and branches which are running out at too great a length. The great fault with nearly all peach orchards is the length of the branches, the side shoots dying as the ends increase. Trees which have been neglected may be brought into more compact shape, and if necessary two or three years' growth taken off from the projecting limbs, by cutting the longest branch at a fork, and leaving the short one to remain, and again treating the remaining one in the same way. By a quick use of the eye to secure a handsome, compact, symmetrical head, it is surprising to one who has not before tried it, how rapidly young bearing trees may be brought into good shape in this way.

"The best way, however, is to begin with the trees the same year they are set out. One of the most successful orchardists of this country prunes his trees low, the branches coming out from the main stem only six or eight inches high. The heads are round and compact, and he can gather most of the fruit while standing on the ground. The annual cutting back of the one-year shoots is thus easily and rapidly performed, and an active hand will go over two hundred such trees in a day. The trees present a striking contrast in appearance, to the more common neglected ones, the branches of which form long bare poles with tufts of leaves at the ends.

"But it is not necessary for the owners of young peach orchards to wait till the cold winters have killed the buds before undertaking the needed pruning. Peach trees are very commonly allowed greatly to overbear. The crowded fruit is small, comparatively poor in quality, and the vigor of the tree is injured by the excessive crop. Branches are sometimes broken by the overload, unless the owner endeavors to save his trees by propping, the sight of which is a conspicuous proof of poor management. Shortening back the shoots and branches serves materially to thin the crop; and when this is not enough the rule should be adopted and carried out in practice, to allow no peaches to grow nearer each other than four or five inches. By this thinning the fruit will be more than doubled in size and beauty, with a still greater improvement in quality. This difference should be borne in mind when pruning in spring before the leaves open, and the fear discarded of losing a portion of the crop by cutting off a part of the buds.

"Orchardists who have made the most money from their peach plantations, have been those who have raised no other crop than peaches on the land. The attempts to raise potatoes, beans, or other low crops, after trees have commenced bearing freely, have been attended with more trouble than profit. Keep the ground clean with an Acme or other harrow, set to run shallow after the first harrowing early in the spring, and continuing it till after mid-summer. The large, delicious peaches obtained by such culture, in connection with thorough and systematic thinning, have often sold in market at triple the price of common fruit on crowded trees, and the difference in value is quite as great for home use."

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Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment for external use, is equally good.

The Farmer's Garden.

We find the following in the *Country Gentleman*:

"On farms where land is not so costly as in towns and villages, no part should be so cramped that it shall have to be worked to a disadvantage, and instead of allowing six feet for the horse to turn about upon at the end of the rows, ten to twelve feet would be better and would prevent the horse from treading on the plants. By planting everything (as nearly as practicable) in rows for horse cultivation, a vast amount of hand labor is saved, and the crops will be larger and better, as they will receive more frequent and thorough culture, while the spaces between the rows will not be lost ground, the room thus given contributing to a larger and better growth, and preventing the cramping of plants as when they are too closely planted in beds.

"It is of the first importance that the soil may be capable of working as soon in spring as possible, to admit of early planting and early growth. Hence the absolute necessity of thorough under-draining where there is not a perfect natural drainage. Instead of placing the ditches two rods apart, as for field culture, it would be better to make the distance only one rod, which would effect a very perfect withdrawal of surplus water, and give a fine mellow soil, capable of easy working the season through. Such complete draining for the half-acre garden would not cost \$50 first and last, and would be worth more than this sum every year in the fine growth of the crops and their abundant yield.

"Most of the ground will be plowed and planted annually; but some crops will be perennial, and will remain for years. Asparagus will grow larger and better in single rows three or four feet apart. No bushes larger than raspberries, currants and gooseberries should occupy the ground devoted to vegetables, and these may be in rows twelve or fifteen feet apart, with vegetables between. Grapes, dwarf pears and blackberries should have a special and permanent part of the garden allotted to them.

"We have rarely, if ever, seen a farmer's garden which was cultivated and dug wholly by hand, that was not badly infested with weeds. The reason was, the work of repeated hand culture was so great, and was so continually interrupting farm work, that the diminished crops did not pay for it. But if arranged for horse-culture the expense would be less than one-tenth, and the improved growth from frequent and thorough stirring would be conspicuous. Instead of making the garden an annoyance and expense, its management would afford gratification to the owner, and as Prof. Tracy remarks, the half-acre garden would be the most profitable half-acre on the farm."

The Art of Grafting.

Whip-grafting is the best method, requiring only a sharp, small pocketknife blade to make a smooth flat shave, and a little roll of quarter-inch strips of old muslin, wound on the end of a small stick four or five inches long and soaked through in melted grafting wax, usually made of lard, oil, one part; clean beeswax, two parts; and white resin (dark resin is too entirely drained of the turpentine) four parts. A strip of the waxed cloth 3 to 4 inches long, wound on spiral, in only one layer, so that it may yield to the expansion of growth, will cover closely every part of the cut on scion and stock, when of the usual size—that of a lead pencil.

It is all important that this wrapping be perfect, to prevent the drying up of the faces that are to unite. Another essential is that the scions be not only sound and plump, uninjured by the drying effects of frost and winter wind; but that they be of fully matured shoots, of the stoutest of last year's growth from the open exterior of the tree. This is as essential in a graft as in a seed, for neither can become established unless they contain within themselves enough ready-prepared material to form the first leaves upward, and extend into the soil—or into the stock in the case of the scion—downward.

Every boy should learn the simple and most useful art of grafting, and now is the time to begin to gain the experience. Whip-grafting is easy enough for his sister to learn too. Let her at least begin by applying the wrapping and so have an interest in the coming fruit. Wax made as above, and tested in a bucket of water as to hardness—it should be just compressible between thumb and finger, using some force, in water at 50 to 55 degrees, will not stick to the fingers so as to make any trouble, yet will be adhesive enough to cling closely and permanently to the dry bark.—*New York Tribune*.

Horticultural Notes.

Boxes dust and ashes, says the *Minneapolis Tribune*, make fine strawberries.

The Trophy is said to be the best tomato for canning purposes. On rich soil it will yield fine crops, sometimes 12 tons to the acre.

Gov. STAMFORD's vineyard at Vina, California, is probably the largest in the State. It consists of 10,000 acres, which are very completely irrigated.

PARKER EARLE believes that the soil on which berries grow has much to do with their ability to endure shipment. On poor, sandy soil, it is difficult to ship with safety even 100 miles; on stronger land the same sort possessed good shipping facilities.

"Every blow struck at a tree is a blow at its life," says the veteran horticulturist, Thos. Meehan. And it is a fact that too many trees die every year from the effects of pruning. Proper care from the first will obviate that removal of large branches which is so fatal to the life of the tree.

In most farmers' gardens tomato plants are on soil so rich that they grow an unwieldy mass of vines, and the fruit ripens slowly and rots easily. Where they are grown for market it has been found advisable to plant on rather poor soil, and if the plants make too much growth pinch the shoots to produce fruitfulness.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Vick's Magazine*, who had difficulty in raising good radishes, says he now keeps a special spot in the garden for that purpose on which he spreads two or three

inches in depth of unleached wood ashes, and then digs them well in. The soil is sandy. He adds the ashes every year. No manure is used, and he says it would be hard to find nicer radishes than those thus grown.

The modern strawberry bed, instead of meaning a very small, raised plot of ground in the garden among the flowers and shrubbery, as it often existed in old-fashioned gardens, signifies a good-sized piece of ground where strawberry plants are set out and cultivated with a horse as we cultivate the corn and cabbages. A labor is the chief item of expense in growing garden products, it is important to practice a cheap system of growing strawberries.

PETER HENDERSON says, in reply to the expressed doubt of some gardeners as to whether the new White Plum celery will be of the same fine flavor as that grown in the old way, that it is found necessary to draw as much soil as it will prevent it from spreading, or else tie each plant about the center for the same purpose. He grew 10,000 roots of it last year, and found it, thus treated, equal in all respects to that grown under the old way of blanching by banking.

While stunted trees should be avoided, it does not follow that the tallest, smoothest trees in the nursery are the best for planting. These tall trees have not been checked enough to secure good root growth, and will be more injured by transplanting. Some good varieties are always rather crooked in the nursery cove. The Greening apple is one of these, and at the best is very rarely a handsome tree, though one of the most valuable and productive of all.

MR. B. G. BUELL, of Little Prairie, Illinois, finds top-grafted trees on such hardy stocks as Northern Spy and Duchess of Oldenburg to withstand the effects of intensely cold winters much better than root-grafted trees; and the Red Canada top-grafted on the Northern Spy nearly escaped in the unprecedented cold of 1872 and 1873, when others, such as the Baldwin, were killed outright. Tompkins County King was much injured by this intensely cold winter, and the trunks were split and many of the larger branches killed. Wherever the trees thus injured were severely pruned and shortened in the trees were saved; those not pruned died in a few years, thus showing the injury a tree suffers from neglect in removing dead limbs.

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MICHIGAN FARMER

State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

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P. B. BROMFIELD, Manager of Eastern Office, 21 Park Row, New York.

The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1884.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 34,370 bu. against 25,804 bu. the previous week, and 77,027 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883, and the shipments were 94,383 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 614,323 bu., against 685,514 last week, and 1,503,176 the corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on April 5 was 27,941,403 bu. against 28,580,898 the previous week, and 23,343,953 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 639,495 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending April 5th were 562,159 bu., against 594,811 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 4,091,635 bu. against 8,090,893 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

The market has certainly improved during the week, and closed on Saturday from 4 to 5c higher than the week previous. There is, however, so little faith in the future of the market, and such a light inquiry from all points, that it is difficult to give any tone to the trade except a dull one. The transactions on the Board of Trade for the entire week were only 175 cars of spot wheat, and 550,000 bu. of futures—about an average day's business two years ago, when the members of the Board were so busily engaged in the pleasing occupation of "skinning woodchucks," as they aptly termed the operation of transferring the wealth of their patrons to themselves. But "woodchucks" are scarce this year. There have been numerous attempts to draw them out of their holes, but without effect; and in lieu of their former game the members are now "scalping" each other. Yesterday this market was very quiet, with just sufficient movement of stock to establish prices. At the close values were slightly lower on both spot and futures. Chicago opened lower, became active, and finally closed strong at an advance of 1/2c over Saturday's prices. Toledo was quiet but steady at 90c for No. 2 white, 85c for No. 3 do., and 92c for No. 2 red.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from April 1st to April 14th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Apr. 1	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 2	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 3	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 4	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 5	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 6	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 7	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 8	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 9	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 10	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 11	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 12	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 13	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
" 14	90 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2

Speculative dealings are lighter at present than at this date for a number of years. The following table shows the closing prices of the various deals during the week:

	April	May	June
Tuesday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Wednesday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Thursday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Friday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Saturday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Sunday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2

The following table gives the total amount of wheat in sight, including the visible supply in this country and Canada, and the amount on passage for Great Britain and the continent of Europe, as compared with last season:

	1884.	1883.
Visible supply in U. S. and Can.	28,580,898	25,804,000
On passage for the United Kingdom	16,320,000	15,000,000
On passage for Con. of Europe	2,510,000	2,510,000
Total, March 29, 1884	47,410,898	43,314,000
Total previous week	47,410,898	43,314,000
Total two weeks ago	47,410,898	43,314,000
Total, March 31, 1883	47,410,898	43,314,000

The principal topic of interest in the trade at present is the condition of the crop now that winter is over. The report of the Secretary of the State of Michigan will be found in another column. We are afraid it is too favorable, as the crop in some sections is badly damaged. The Ohio agricultural report states the condition of drilled wheat at 88 per cent. of an average; broadcast 77 per cent. The crop at present gives promise of a yield of 34,786,000 bu. The condition of wheat in Missouri is reported at 98 per cent. of an average. Considerable damage is reported in various counties in Illinois, now becoming a winter wheat State. Texas is said to promise a good crop of wheat this season.

The foreign markets are without any new features. Stocks at British ports are very large, and more wheat is offering than buyers are ready to take hold of.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	April 14.	April 7.
Flour, extra State	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.
Wheat, No. 1 white	8s. 7d.	8s. 7d.
do Spring No. 2	7s. 7d.	7s. 7d.
do do new 7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
do Western 1883	7s. 10d.	7s. 10d.

A Monroe man voted a check for a small sum at the recent election, and tried to cash a first draft ticket at the bank. He was sober, too, but lost his vote through the error.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 6,634 bu. and the shipments were 36,633 bu. The visible supply in the country on April 5 amounted to 17,159,066 bu. against 17,778,877 bu. the previous week, and 18,923,008 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 614,811 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 496,253 bu., against 631,714 the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 5,346,346 bu., against 12,776,832 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 55,997 bu., against 93,421 bu. last week, and 110,251 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Corn is quiet but steady, with values higher than a week ago. No. 2 corn is quoted at 53c per bu., with very little offering; new mixed at 51c per bu., and rejected at 49c. The Chicago and New York markets have been unsettled, and corn was weak in sympathy with wheat, but it regained some of the ground lost and closed with spot a shade higher and futures about the same as the previous week. Quotations in Chicago were 47c per bu. for No. 2 spot, April delivery at 45c 1/2c, May at 49c, and June at 50c. Toledo is quoted active but lower at 49c per bu. for No. 2 spot, 49c for May, and 50c for June delivery. The following table gives a statement of the visible supply of corn at dates indicated as compared with that of last season:

Visible supply in U. S. and Can.	17,159,066
On passage for the United Kingdom	2,408,000
On passage for Con. of Europe	2,510,000
Total, March 29	22,077,066
Total previous week	22,077,066
Total two weeks ago	22,077,066
Total, March 31, 1883	22,077,066

The Liverpool market is quoted dull at 4s. 9d. per cental for new mixed, and 5s. 0d. for old do., the same figures as noted a week ago.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 16,271 bu., and the shipments were 1,803 bu. The visible supply of this grain on April 5 was 4,400,453 bu., against 4,057,698 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city Saturday amounted to 15,397 bu., against 14,027 bu. the previous week, and 20,763 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 531,042 bu. Oats are quiet in this market, but sellers are generally firm and prices are a little better than a week ago. No. 2 white is selling at 39c, and No. 2 mixed at 38c. Receipts are light, and likely to be so for the present. At Chicago values are firmer and prices higher, than a week ago. Quotations are 27c 1/2c for spot No. 2 mixed, 28c for April delivery, 31c for May, and 31c for June. The Toledo market is reported firm, with No. 2 mixed quoted at 36c per bu., and 35c for May delivery. The New York market is firm and higher. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 34c; No. 2 mixed, 36c; No. 1 mixed, 38c; No. 2 white, 41c; No. 1 white, 44c; Western white, 40c 1/2c; State white, 40c 1/2c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Butter is a little "off" from last week's prices, owing to larger receipts of fresh made stock of medium quality. For such butter 26c is an outside figure, while a choice article is quick at 30c—a fair margin for skill, patience and cleanliness in its manufacture. In fact retail grocers will purchase any amount of a really choice article of butter to-day at 30c, while too much salt, a strong flavor, or imperfectly worked butter would not be taken at 5c per lb. under that price. They can buy butterine at 20c per lb. which is its equal in appearance, no worse flavored, and sells just as well. It is in butter-making as in every thing else now, there is only room at the top. The lower ranks are filled to repletion. Good creamery butter is taken at 40c 1/2c. At Chicago butter is quoted fairly active, but prices tending downward, owing to increased receipts. Quotations in that market are as follows: Fancy creamery, 20c 3/4c; fair to choice do, 20c 1/2c; fancy dairy, 23c 1/4c; choice dairy, 20c 1/2c; to good do, 15c 1/2c; common grades, 12c 1/4c; packing stock, 9c 1/2c. The New York market shows little change in values during the week. There is a weaker tone apparent in all grades except fine stock. State stock is quoted thus as follows:

Creamery, fancy	23 3/4
Creamery, choice	23 1/4
Creamery, prime	23 1/4
Creamery, fair to good	23 1/4
Creamery, ordinary	21 3/4
Half-dried tubs, best	21 3/4
Half-dried tubs, fair to good	21 3/4
Welsh tubs, best	21 3/4
Welsh tubs, fair to good	21 3/4

Quotations on western stock in that market are as follows:

	31	32	33
Western creamery selections	31	32	33
Western imitation creamery, choice	31	32	33
Western imitation creamery, fair	31	32	33
Western dairy, ordinary to fair	31	32	33
Western factory, best current make	31	32	33
Western factory, fair to good	31	32	33
Western factory, ordinary	31	32	33

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending April 5 were 137,911 lbs., against 163,895 lbs. the previous week, and 134,155 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1883 were 406,081 lbs. Cheese is quiet but very steady, and under a fair demand prices are well maintained at their old range. Full cream State commands 14c 1/2c per lb., and New York brands 16c. Of this grade of cheese there are no accumulations, and the demand is sufficient to take all that is offering. At Chicago choice full creams are in request and firm, but part skims and skims show a disposition to work downward. So far, however, but little change in values has taken place. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, per lb., 14c 1/2c; full cream flats, 14c 1/2c; flats slightly skimmed, 9c 1/2c; common to fair skims, 6c 1/2c; low grades, 2c 1/2c; Young America, 15c 1/2c per lb. The New York market shows some weakness, and while prices are nominally unchanged buyers are more strict in regard to quality. The export demand has been light all week. Quotations in that market are as follows:

State factory, fancy	14 1/2
State factory, fair to good	13 1/4
Ohio flats, fair to good	13 1/4
Ohio flats, ordinary	13 1/4
Factory skims, choice	10 1/2
Factory skims, fair	10 1/2

In the New York Legislature a bill has passed awarding compensation for cattle killed to prevent the spread of any cattle plague.

The Liverpool market is quoted dull at 69s. per cwt., the same figures as reported one week ago.

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 8,882 boxes against 9,353 boxes the previous week, and 10,781 boxes the corresponding week in 1883. The exports from all American ports for the week ending April 5 foot up 334,581 lbs., against 635,341 lbs. the previous week, and 432,839 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 1,443,608 lbs.

WOOL.

There is a very quiet trade in wool in all the eastern markets, and the light demand gives buyers the advantage, especially as holders are undoubtedly anxious to close out stocks so as to be ready for the new clip. The sales in Boston the past week were 1,712,700 pounds domestic and 96,000 pounds foreign, or 1,808,700 pounds in all; against 1,487,900 pounds the previous week; and 1,765,400 pounds for the corresponding week of last year. The Commercial Bulletin of that city does not regard the outlook for wool as very promising. It remarks:

"Among the transactions reported below is 80,000 lbs. Ohio XX and above at 40c, which is said to have been part of a single purchase of 300,000 lbs. the balance of which is yet to be delivered. Some effort has been made to use this transaction as a bull influence, but it may indicate a weak seller rather than a confident buyer. It is estimated that the 710 bales of Australian reported as being sold in one lot at 37c a fortnight ago, netted a loss of nearly \$10,000 to the importers, having cost an average of 13d in Melbourne, or 41c laid down here. The promptness with which the seller faced this loss showed which way they expect values to turn in the immediate future. Our mail advices from Liverpool this week say that the auction close with Australians 1d per pound lower than in December, and with purchases for the United States of 7,000 bales, including both stout stapled Merinos and good cross-breeds from Victoria and New South Wales. With these 7,000 bales added to the direct importations of Australian, and with another large auction sale to occur next month, it is not surprising that many of the shrewdest observers feel doubtful as to the course of prices in the immediate future."

Sure enough, and with the future of the trade still further menaced by the free traders in Congress, is it any wonder wool at even present prices has few friends? In fact the present low prices are only maintained by the light receipts. We note a report that considerable purchases of Down wool, of English and Irish growth, have been made in Liverpool, and it is feared this will affect the values of Indiana, Missouri and Kentucky combing wools, which are now at panic prices.

The new Texas wools of the spring clip will begin to arrive this week at Boston, to which point many growers are consigning their clips. One point that is urged in favor of this policy is that advances can be had at 60c per cent per annum, while Texas dealers charge 2 per cent a month.

The sales during the week show that Ohio XX and above is selling at 40c, X Ohio at 37c, X Michigan at 38c 1/2c, and No. 1 Michigan at 38c. In combing and delaine fleece, Ohio X sold at 40c 1/2c, combing at 40c and unwashed combing at 27c 1/2c.

The U. S. Economist says that market is filled with buyers, but they take very little wool. Michigan X is quoted there at 34c, Ohio XX at 40c, and New York State at 32c. The same paper says that good samples of the Texas clip are being offered there at 22c in Texas; but the Economist says such wools are not worth more than that in New York after freight has been paid.

With the shearing season about to open, we must say the outlook for the coming clip is anything but promising.

MR. HURD'S CONSISTENCY.

Mr. Frank Hurd, of Ohio, was the strongest opponent the measure to restore the old duties on wool had in Congress. He made a long speech against it, and was credited with making an able and effective argument in favor of free trade in wool by his friends. We propose to quote a few paragraphs from his speech, of which we have received a complete copy. In the first paragraph in his speech he says:

"I am opposed to it also because I am opposed to the passage of this bill. It proposes to increase the price of wool. This it does directly by increasing the duties on foreign wool required in domestic manufactures. The plain question thus presented is: Ought the price of wool to be increased by legislation?"

Mr. Hurd shows next what the effect of an increased duty would be:

"Many mill owners have gone into insolvency; many have reduced the hours of labor; more have closed their mills temporarily, and few run them all the time and to the full extent of their capacity. In the midst of this depression Congress proposes to add to their burdens by increasing the cost of their raw material? Their present embarrassment is largely the result of the high price of the foreign wool they are compelled to purchase."

Now, if, as Mr. Hurd says, increased duties mean higher prices, where does he get facts to base his next argument in favor of free wool upon? He says:

"I believe that if wool were placed on the free list, with a proportionate reduction in the duties on woolen goods, the result would be a large increase in the business of manufacturers, a large addition to the number of operatives employed, an advance of at least ten per cent in the price of the better grades of American wool, and the reduction of the price of woolen goods at least twenty-five per cent to the consumer."

Now, if high tariffs make high prices for wools, (see first paragraph), and free trade in wool will also result in advancing prices, what is the use of interfering with the tariff on wool at all? But we would really like Mr. Hurd to point out how these paragraphs, taken from the beginning, middle and close of his speech, can be made to agree. It reads to us if the last paragraph was a flat contradiction of the two first ones.

In the New York Legislature a bill has passed awarding compensation for cattle killed to prevent the spread of any cattle plague.

SORGHUM SEED.

Professor R. C. Kedzie, of the State Agricultural College, wishes to have announced to the farmers of the State, that, under directions from the State Board of Agriculture, he has procured from Illinois one hundred lbs. of sorghum seed of the Early Amber variety, for gratuitous distribution. It is intended to be given out in small quantities among those who desire to test the sugar-producing and forage properties of this plant. Only a few specimens can be sent into any one neighborhood, but parties will be supplied with the seed in the order of their application until the stock on hand is exhausted. The directions for planting are as follows: Each package of seed will be sufficient for one-quarter to one-third of an acre. Prepare the ground the same as for Indian corn. Plant when the ground is warm enough to secure rapid germination, and cultivate in all respects the same as for Indian corn. Be sure to keep it free from weeds during its early growth, as it is then a weak plant and easily crowded out by the weeds. Try the growth, especially on sandy soils. At the end of the season it is expected that the parties testing the value of the plant will furnish Dr. Kedzie with a report of their experience with it.

CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Please allow me the space to thank my friends from Eden and Ypsilanti in calling my attention to my article in the FARMER as to the amount of loss to the wool-grower by the twenty per cent proposed reduction of the tariff. As was intimated in your last paper the article was the result of writing in a hurry. When I took up the pen it was only to urge every one who was opposed to the bill to forward their names at once to Mr. Hammond, but I hastily added what else was published. It seems that I made my estimate of the loss equal to the percentage of reduction, which of course is not the case; the loss is not so great, but the principle was correct if the figures were not. The reduction of the duty on wool has already reduced the price, and whatever the farmer loses in this way is a loss to labor and the industries of our country. Australia, with her perennial climate, can grow wool much cheaper than we can, and free wool, or duty so low as to be put in competition with them, is but to build up a foreign national industry at a loss to our own. Yours &c.,

C. M. FELLOWS.

The sheep trade last week in Buffalo was the best of the season, the prices realized being within a shade of those of one year ago. The Mercantile Review, which makes a specialty of the live stock market at that point, has this to say about some lots of Michigan sheep which were sold there last week:

"Mr. William Conley, of Marshall, Michigan, had the best load of lambs here this week of the season. They averaged 103 pounds, and brought \$7.90 per cwt., and were really a gilt edged lot of stock."

"The finest lot of sheep that have been brought here this season were received from Messrs. Smith & Banker, of Hillsdale, Michigan, on Monday last. There was just a deck load of the beauties that rivaled all former receipts, and their average weight was 119 pounds, while the price paid for them was \$7.25 per cwt., the highest yet quoted. They were fed by John French, Esq., of the same place."

"That noted feeder Mr. Joseph Brown, of White Pigeon, Michigan, had on sale Saturday two of the heaviest and finest loads of sheep of their kind (grade wools) that we have ever seen; they averaged 140 and 157 pounds, respectively, and brought \$7 per cwt., but had they come in Monday, when the market was stronger and excited, would without doubt realized a much larger price. As it was they brought the highest price up to that time, and the transaction was considered one of the boss sales of the year."

The New York Dry Goods Bulletin, a "free trade in raw material" paper, remarks:

"The revision of the wool tariff last year has been productive of at least one good, and that is that at length our commercial relations with Australia have received a great impulse from the fact that the modifications in the wool tariff have induced shipments from Australia to the United States of 34,000 bales direct and indirect during the short space of two months and a half, especially Riverina. The American demand created quite a stir at the antipodes, and holds out promise of becoming quite an element."

The fact is that this wool importing from Australia was a sickly affair until the tariff was modified, and the next fiscal year's statistics will show a pleasing change."

The "pleasing change," referred to, will be anything but pleasing to our wool-growers, as it means increased competition and lower prices. But the Bulletin is willing to sacrifice any industry, so as to increase trade and help the dealers and importers of wool and woolen goods—its patrons.

Good Roads—A Liberal Offer.

To the Highway Commissioners and Tax Payers of Michigan.

Believing that by the use of the best appliances for grading and repairing, the roads of the County can be made and kept graded, and at a saving (after the first year) of more than one-half the annual tax. We hereby offer to furnish a Road Machine to each township on trial, which shall not cost the township a cent, unless the Commissioners and a majority of the tax payers present, upon a thorough trial on any appointed day, decide that the Pennock Road Machine is the most economical and perfect means that can be employed for road work. We mean business, as 1,400 of these machines are in use in 35 States, and we have proven that the general introduction and proper use of our machines will save \$1,000 a year on the levy of an average township. Correspondence solicited with interested parties. Respectfully,

S. PENNOCK & SONS, CO.,
JACKSON, MICH.

Los Angeles, Cal., has been deluged by floods.

Coogan & Son, tanners of Pittsfield, Mass., have failed for \$45,000.

Keely's motor, which was to be exhibited to

Among the cattle at Kings' Yards on Monday were two steers and a heifer fed by Mr. Pliny Hill of Clarkston, that were as ripe for the butchers' block as any that have been in the yards this season. They were brought in by Messrs. Brown & Stottle, but were not sold on their merits, being put in with five other cattle of much poorer quality. The three were grade Shorthorns, coming two years old, and averaged 1,126 lbs.

A SUBSCRIBER at Hunter's Creek, Lapeer Co., writes: "I would like to inquire through the MICHIGAN FARMER, of farmers who have had experience, which is the best breed of swine for the average farmer in Michigan." If some of those interested in the various breeds will give their experience, it would result in much good, even if it does not entirely settle the question.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Michigan.

A Monroe fur dealer has taken in 11,500 muskrat skins.

W. H. Millard, farmer, of Owosso township, died on the 12th.

Dutton's saw mill at Alpine, Kent County, burned on the 12th.

The Exchange hotel at Midland burned on the 9th. Loss \$5,000.

Adrian Press: Miss Libbie Smith, of Seneca, manages an apathy of 40 colonies.

Herman Bassee, injured by a runaway team at Muskegon last week, died on the 9th.

W. G. DeWing, a prominent lumber manufacturer of Kalamazoo, died last week.

Richard Ralph was killed at Morris' by being run over by the cars while intoxicated.

The Lapeer Democrat says indications of petroleum have been discovered at Five Lakes.

The salt well at St. Clair has been abandoned, and a new one is to be put down six feet from it.

Dwight's steam mill at Hudson burned on the 9th. Loss, three thousand dollars; no insurance.

H. E. J. Clute, journalist, and lately connected with the Red City News, died at Kalamazoo, last week.

Lucas's store at Weston, Lenawee County, was broken open on the night of the 11th, and the safe robbed of \$300.

Flint Globe: The English coach stallion Grand Blane, was accidentally killed at Grand Blane, last week.

The corner-stone of the new Kalamazoo court house will be laid on the Fourth of July, with much ceremony.

Poetry.

FOUR SEASONS.

Spring is a maiden, divinely fair,
With violet blue in her golden hair.
At the dainty touch of her dainty feet
The primrose pale and cowslip sweet
Burst forth from their wintry winding sheet;
And the forest leaves peep out to see
Who this beautiful, bountiful maid can be.

Summer's a warrior, flushed with fame,
He rides o'er earth in his car of flame,
His whip is the whirlwind's circling lash,
His spear is the lightning's blinding flash,
His shout is the deafening thunder's crash;
He breathes, and the hills are parched and dry,
And the rivulets, fading, in vapors fly.

Autumn's a merchant, of princely mien,
The earth's best fruits at his feet are seen.
His wondrous stores of golden grain
Are garnered high on the sunlit plain.
And flow like seas o'er his rich domain,
And his nut-brown children shout with glee,
As they gather his treasures around his knee.

Winter's a monster, of fiendish guile,
With famine and woe in his baleful eyes;
He blights the air with his icy breath,
He scourges the life from the land beneath,
The waters he binds in the chains of death,
And he laughs to hear the plaintive wail
Of the famishing poor in the frozen vale.

BIRD-TALK.

"What news, what comfort, do you bring?
Say, gossip, say!
As you come back with tired wing
Adown the airy way."

"So high above the trees I flew,
High, gossip, high!
I saw a little rift of blue,
A lovely glimpse of sky."

"And is it true that storms will cease?
True, gossip, true!
O yes, the winds will be at peace,
The sun will shine on you!"

"So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,
Call, gossip, call!
Fast comes the happy spring this way,
Brave gossip all!"

—St. Nicholas.

LOVE'S CREED.

I hold one simple faith throughout the days
That wear so slowly to an unknown end—
A faith which glorifies the dullest ways
That lead me to my friend.

I may not understand the reason why
Some things are hidden which I fain would see;
My faith, the faith by which I live—or die—
Is still enough for me.

And thus it is I am content to wait,
For fear and questioning to doubt belong;
Love knows but this, and proves it, soon or late,
The king can do no wrong!

—The Manhattan.

Miscellaneous.

JOE BARRETT'S CONFESSION.

One 17th day of August, not many years ago, a party of four, consisting of Joe Barrett and his wife, their most intimate friend Phil Somers, and Miss Maud Mortimer, a young lady they hoped might be induced to consider the future happiness of his existence, stood quite alone upon a narrow strip of sand on the Long Island coast, not far from the great metropolis. Joe Barrett and his wife had long ago been given over by their relatives and friends, and the genial circle of society they adorned, as an old-fashioned couple that prolonged their honeymoon to a most unprecedented and unheard-of period. They had lately celebrated their silver wedding, and for the amusement of others and the romance for themselves, could have gone through with the original ceremony again had it not been for a serious obstacle. The clergyman was still alive and vigorous for his years, and Phil Somers, Joe's best man at his wedding, was yet his best friend, but the pale, pretty little bride had vanished long ago off the face of the earth, and become one of that shadowy band to which "we call, and they answer not again."

There was a rumor that if she had lived she would have become the wife of Phil Somers, thus making the happiness of the four complete. It was currently believed that because of this tender and romantic episode of his life Phil Somers had remained a bachelor. In his younger days this apparent lack of self-regret and unappealing longing lent a melancholy grace to his already pleasing exterior, and many a damsel endeavored to console him; but although he was gentle and even chivalric to all womankind, he remained, to all matrimonial intents and purposes, unconsoled.

And here he was a bachelor still, 50 years old, getting rather grizzled about the temples, and crow-footed about the eyes, bronzed by his partiality for the open air, thin but muscular, tall but straight; while Joe Barrett and his wife might pass for "fat, fair and forty," though they were not so many years Phil's juniors.

And here they were, plotting as lively as ever for Phil's connubial bliss. The present victim of the toils, although no longer in his first youth, would have seemed so in any other light but the critical one of sun against sand; and now that the thick bands of gray clouds lay heavily across the sky, tempering the brilliancy of the sun's rays, and the young lady had pulled her veil about the outlines of her face, Miss Mortimer seemed, as the heyday of her charms.

While waiting for dinner, which was in process of preparation in a long low hostelry a dozen furlongs or so inland, they had strolled down to the water's edge and, true to the plan in hand, Joe Barrett had pulled his wife's chubby hand through his arm and trotted her away from Phil and the young lady.

"Let's leave them alone together for a while," said Joe. "It seems a propitious time for love making, and I hope something will come of to-day's trip. Polly, I'm getting awfully tired of working like a pack-horse for Phil's happiness."

While strolling along they indulged in a spirited conversation about Phil and the matrimonial projects in which they had been engaged on his account. At last Joe remarked, looking fondly at his wife: "I'd be happiest fellow in the world if Phil could be happy too."

His wife shook her arm impatiently.

"See here, Joe," she said, "I think you are absurd about Phil Somers, and you may as well understand, once for all, that if this thing falls through I'm not going to bother about his marrying at all. It's none of your business or mine. I don't believe he wants to marry, anyway. Some natures are so constituted that they can only love once, and I believe all the love Phil had to give any one was squandered long ago on our dear little bride-maid. After all, there's something very sweet and touching in his remaining faithful to the one memory all these years."

Joe shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. He picked up a stone and sent it savagely whirling over the water.

"Polly," he said, "I think I'll take a plunge in the sea. It will tone me up, and give me an appetite for dinner. There's a bathing suit in one of the little cribs behind us."

"Look at that big black cloud, Joe." "I won't stay in long, Polly." He gave his wife a tender squeeze, looked down upon her with an expression that seemed to say he'd kiss her if it wouldn't shock Miss Mortimer's sense of propriety, ran up to the bathing-house, and to the surprise of Phil and Miss Mortimer, presently disappeared in a huge green wave that covered them with its spray.

"Joe is a regular water-dog," said Phil. Miss Mortimer made no reply. She had not come down to the seashore that day to listen to the laudations of Joe Barrett and his wife. Miss Mortimer felt that she had no time to lose, and was resolved to waste no words upon Joe Barrett's maritime proclivities.

Phil, however, kept his eyes upon Joe as he swam out to the open sea, and went on talking about him without requiring any special reply.

"Joe is a little impulsive and reckless, perhaps," said Phil, "but he's a capital swimmer."

"It is growing cold," said Miss Mortimer, contracting her shoulders in that graceful way that some women have of making even a shiver attractive.

Phil remembered with remorse that her wrap was hanging forgotten upon his arm. He hastened to put it about her shoulders, but the wind, which was rising to a gale, made the effort a prolonged one. "Don't you hate the wind?" said Miss Mortimer, coquettishly.

"I am never ungrateful," said Phil, capturing the ends of the shawl again, and holding them fast this time about her slender form. A keen look of incipient triumph flashed from Miss Mortimer's eyes. Phil's words always seemed to mean more than they said, and she could not, unfortunately, see that his eyes were still looking fixedly over her head upon the water beyond the surf.

A shaft or two of wild light flashed down upon the scene. An ominous rumble from the clouds mingled with the roar of the sea. Suddenly the earth and sky were enveloped in a blinding glare. In this spectral light Phil distinctly saw Joe Barrett fling his arms aloft and disappear in the darkening waste.

Phil threw off his shoes and coat as he ran to the sea, and Miss Mortimer had great difficulty in rescuing his vest, which was nearly carried out by a returning wave. Her costume was drenched with the spray, and she nearly lost her footing; but she saved the waistcoat, which contained Phil's watch and other valuables. She then hurried to the shelter of the bathing houses, for the rain now began to fall heavily. Through the blackness of the storm she saw the white face of a woman. Miss Mortimer knew it was Mrs. Barrett running down to the water, but she attempted no remonstrance. She had made up her mind that of the party of four that went down to the sea that day, two would probably never return—perhaps three. It was impossible to say what might happen where such impulsive people were concerned.

Some men from the inn were now hurrying to the scene of peril, and finding it impossible to induce Mrs. Barrett to seek shelter, had thrown about her a rough tarpaulin, from the harsh folds of which her haggard face and wind-blown hair was a sorry sight to see.

The two bodies were now coming in a-top of the foaming surf, with no help or hindrance of their own, and, closely locked together, were swept swiftly across with other prey of the elements. They were narrowly rescued from the greedy maw of the returning wave and carried with all speed to the little inn, where everything was in readiness to restore consciousness to the one and foster it in the other.

The storm passed away as suddenly as it came. The pale glow of twilight deepened into night. There was no moon, but the stars shone over the bay and the harbor, and the dusky little promontory. To look at the gentle ripples of waves lapping lazily along upon the soft white sand, Phil could hardly believe that so little time ago two men had been alone almost to their death. He could scarcely stagger out into the wooden porch of the inn to breathe the cold sea-scented air. And as for Joe, God only knew what would befall him. He had been brought back to life, but not to consciousness. Polly had managed to get word to the town physician, but the way was long and the sand was heavy.

It must have been about midnight; Phil could not tell the exact time. His watch was in his waistcoat, under Miss Mortimer's head, in the bed of the landlady. Phil had told them not to awaken Miss Mortimer, under any circumstances; he was so glad she was asleep—and it would be impossible to say how glad he was. The latch of the door clicked behind him. Phil's heart sank. He was afraid Miss Mortimer had, after all, been awakened. But a faltering, uncertain step reached him, and the cold little hand of Polly Barrett clutched his arm.

Any one but Phil would never have known her. The last remnant of her soft, round comeliness swept away with the storm. All her womanly curls and frizzles were gone. She wore an ill-fitting gown of the landlady's. Her whole face was of a wan, gray pallor, like the waves under the cold light of the stars.

"Is Joe better?" stammered Phil. "Does he know—"

"He knows everything, and perhaps

he's better. Oh Phil! Phil! Polly repressed her sobs, and motioned Phil to the door. "He is determined I shall try and get some sleep, and that you shall watch with him for awhile. As if I could sleep! But go to him, Phil; don't thwart him—go!"

Phil went in to Joe. He will never forget the low-ceilinged room, the two wooden chairs, the pine table whereon a mop of ragged wick flared from a saucer of oil, the bottle of liquor within reach, and the coarse green glass, the grim old clock in the corner ticking off the seconds, and Joe's ghastly face and motionless form upon the camp cot in the corner. Joe tried to stretch out his hand to Phil, but it fell back heavily upon the patchwork quilt of the landlady.

"You did your best, Phil," he said; "you brought me ashore, but the trouble was done out there; something seized me, God knows what—paralysis, cramps, palsy—who can tell? Anyway, I'm done for, old man. I can't move a muscle below. It's a mere question of time, Phil, and we can't afford to lose any."

"I hope you're wrong, Joe; we'll know better when the doctor comes. You are right not to tell Polly. But she must come to you, Joe."

Phil would have gone at once for Polly, but something in Joe's face held him back. "Hold on a bit, Phil. I didn't send for you and drive Polly away to tell you something that you'll both know soon enough. There's a burden on my conscience, Phil; it's been lying there like a plummet of lead all these years. Listen to me, and don't interrupt me if you can help it. Give me some of that stuff from the bottle, and when I grow weak give me more."

Phil lifted Joe's head and put the glass to his lips; then he sat down upon the edge of the cot, leaving his arm between Joe's neck and the pillow. Joe could feel Phil's pulse now, and the loyal heart of his friend beating close to his own.

"It's twenty-five years, Phil," said Joe, "since that night we drove down to the shore here and had that talk together. You remember it, Phil?"

"Yes, Joe." "Ah! you've remembered it too well, Phil; I've tried hard enough, God knows, to make you forget. The sun was sinking over yonder in the west, and sky and sea were all aflame. Some fleecy clouds dropped low over the old shed where we had ordered some clams. I remembered when I saw Polly that night. The dress she wore was like a stab to me; it was of some soft floating material that reminded me of the woolly clouds over the old shed. You didn't eat the clams, Phil. You dallied with the shells, and turned them over with the queer old fork they had given you. And all at once you put them aside and lighted a cigar, and turned your face to the sea, and began to talk of a woman you secretly loved. Now give me some wine, Phil."

Phil put the glass again to Joe's lips. "Don't talk any more, Joe," he said. "Let me go for Polly."

"Not yet," said Joe. "You were a handsome fellow, Phil, twenty-five years ago. As you went on to talk of the woman you secretly loved, some sort of a light shone upon your face from the splendor in the west that made it like that of an archangel. It seemed to me that no woman could withstand you. My heart grew like a lump of ice. My first thought was to walk out in the water and strangle myself; my next was worthy of Judas Iscariot. It was a resolve to betray you. I must have been tempted by the devil, for, as God is my judge in this awful moment of life, I never dreamed before that night that you and I were in love with the one woman. I got upon my feet and shouted, 'She is mine!' glaring upon you with a dogged, resolute stare. 'Have you, then, asked her to marry you?' you said, and your face still looked like an archangel's, while mine must have been inflamed with the passions that beset a man beyond his strength. As I repeated, 'She is my promised wife,' the words seemed to leap from a throat of fire; it was the first downright, heinous, malicious lie I had ever uttered, for I had not yet asked her—I had not yet asked her; but when I did ask her, upon that very night, the next lie slipped easily from my perjured throat, although it was the worst one by far. For I told Polly, Phil—I told her before I asked her to marry me—that you had confessed to me your love for her friend the poor little girl that afterward became our bride-maid. Whether it was my guilty conscience, that makes hell enough for any man, I fancied I saw something in Polly's eyes that told me, had it not been for my treachery, your chance would have been better than mine. Now take your arm away from my neck, Phil, and curse me if you will—my story is done."

The pulse at Joe's ear leaped and tugged as if it would burst an artery, but Phil's voice had the old tender ring.

"You might have spared yourself all this," he said. "I think Polly has proved what it was that she loved."

"Ah, after that night, Phil, yes. Polly is not the kind of woman to make the misery of men. But I cheated you of your chance!"

"Be it so, Joe. I forgive you, and I love you all the same. Now throw off the burden, and live for Polly's sake and mine."

"Too late, too late," faltered the falling lips. They refused to touch the glass. The limp body fell back almost lifeless. Phil's arms. Then Joe aroused himself once more and called for Polly in a harsh, strained voice that reached her despite the roar of the sea. She flew to his side, but was only in time to catch a few disjointed sentences. With a last effort the dying man lifted the hands of his wife, and his friend, joined them together, clasped his own about them, and so the three remained till the soul of Joe Barrett fled.

"And if there could be such a thing as witchcraft," said Miss Mortimer to some friends, the other day, "Joe Barrett's widow would have been burned at the stake long ago. She was pretty well on in years when Joe died, and I'll leave it to anybody if she don't look like a blonde mummy now. Phil Somers has that air of distinction and elegance about him that he might marry almost anybody; Joe Barrett's widow is old and ugly and sick and poor, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if Phil Somers would marry her yet."—Harper's Weekly.

THE CHURCH FESTIVAL.

The course of church affairs, like the course of true love, seems destined not to run smoothly at Willow Brook. A new complication has arisen since our memorable 'donation party'—a complication which bids fair to end in the withdrawal of the new minister, Mr. Ormsby's successor, a staid bachelor of doubtful age.

It had been decided that the church needed painting, and to this end a peach festival was suggested and agreed upon with great unanimity.

Much to my own regret, I was absent from the village at the time of the festival, so as soon as possible after my return I ran over to see Miss Melissa, feeling confident that I should find her, as usual, a faithful chronicler, nor was I disappointed. A few questions soon brought out the whole story.

"It was too bad, as you say, Miss Harwood, that you couldn't have been here, but law! the festival was a terrible disappointment, after all, for we didn't make anything to signify. I could have told 'em so beforehand, for I knew just how it would turn out when those girls took the management instead of lettin' Aunt Betsy and me be at the head, as we'd always been used to doin'."

"It's no wonder we felt kinder hurt about it, for I don't remember a death or a wedding or a christenin' in the village that we hadn't had our say about in time past, and to see ourselves made of no account in that way was enough to provoke a saint."

"Of course I knew it was all done for Mr. Allen's sake—that comes of having a bachelor for a minister, Miss Harwood—though why girls should want to set their caps for a man old enough to be their father I can't understand. If Mr. Allen wanted a wife (and it's my opinion that every minister does want a wife to look after him) he ought to have had a chance to choose for himself among those that was suitable, and goodness knows there ain't many to pick from in this village! But instid of lettin' the man alone those girls have acted shamefoul from the very first—goin' reglar to Sunday-school and singin'-class and what not, and stoppin' every day to ask about Miss Bruce's sick child just because the minister was boardin' in there—no, I never saw sech forwardness in my life. And he (he men is such fools) took it all for pure goodness! Didn't I hear him a talkin' one night at Deacon Stiles' about 'the sympathies of young hearts,' and 'the sweet mission of the fair comforters,' and all the time I was sendin' jelly and soft custard to the house, and Miss Bruce too ungrateful to mention it again!"

"But this ain't neither here nor there—so I must jist git back to the peach festival. It was mostly settled before you went away, Miss Harwood, that we was to hold it in the school house, because of us thought that maybe it wasn't solem enough to hold in the church, but afterwards we had a meetin', and agreed to take up the carpets and take out the pew cushions, and so have it in the church after all."

"It was held on the last Thursday in August, you know, and every one was to send a cake or ice cream or peaches, as cordin' to their ability, and we kalkilated to make considerable on the sellin', as we should, if Aunt Betsy and me had been let alone."

"But when I went over to the church that Thursday mornin' to go to work, there was Sally Stiles, and Lyddy Hall, and the two Davis girls, and that red-headed 'Miry Jones and her cousin Mandy, all there ahead of me sweepin' and dustin', and movin' things round as if they was the head of the church themselves. When I began to tell 'em what to do, Lyddy Hall jist laughs and says, 'says she; 'You needn't trouble yourself, Miss Melissa, we young folks will take charge and let the old folks rest a spell.' (That girl thinks everybody's old but herself!) Sure enough, they wouldn't let me have a thing to say about settin' the table, and they each had a big rosette made to pin on their shoulders! Great managin' they made, to be sure. However, I made 'em know I wouldn't give up the tea and coffee, so Lyddy says: 'Well, then, you can help unpack the dishes if you like, and Aunt Betsy may dust 'em off.' That to me!"

"Just then Aunt Betsy come in, and I can tell you, Miss Harwood, it was all that we could do to keep things straight and get the cake out even and the peaches all peeled. I told Ralph that night when I was gettin' his supper that I didn't know as I'd ever done a harder day's work in my life, but for all that I hurried and dressed myself and was back to church in time to light the lamps, for I knew well enough that those girls would prink and prink, and so they did."

"Got by eight o'clock everybody'd got there, and the sellin' began very brisk, and as I said before, if Aunt Betsy and me had been alone it would have gone on brisk to the end, but law! those six creatures jist spoiled everything."

"When Mr. Allen come in he walked right over to where I was pourin' tea and coffee, and made as though he was going to set there a spell, and with that Sally Stiles and the two Davis girls jist crowded themselves down into the same corner and began to talk so fast that no one else could get in a word edgewise. But when Mandy and Miry Jones and Lyddy Hall jined in I jist told 'em their room was better than their company, thinkin' they'd take the hint. Now you'd hardly guess what they did—they went and sot on the platform in front of the pulpit, takin' the minister with 'em of course, and there they kept up such a laughin' and a chatterin' as you never saw, pretendin' to wait on Mr. Allen, bringin' him plates of peaches and ice cream, crumblin' up good slices of cake and wastin' 'em, until I could have slapped every one of the six."

"I got so nervous at last, watchin' their doin's, that I poured tea and coffee into the same cup, and when our big dog, Growler, came creepin' in and put his cold nose onto my hand, I dropped a cup and saucer and broke it into twenty pieces. I told Growler to go out, but instid of mindin' me he walked over and lay down at Mr. Allen's feet, and in a minute that Lyddy Hall screams out: 'See there, Mr.

Allen! Miss Mix has sent Growler to take care of you; aren't you obliged to her?' and I felt my face gittin' as red as fire, I was so mortified."

"I think the minister was partly to blame for what happened next, though there's no knowin', for those girls kept on gittin' wilder and wilder every minute. But I saw him go and get a basket of cake off of Aunt Betsy's table, and then he took his seat again in the middle and begun to make believe eat all the cake himself. Jist as he sot there, with his head bent down over that cake-basket, Sally Stiles puts out her hand and twitches him by his back hair."

"I saw her do it, the forward thing! but I wasn't no more prepared than she was for what came next. It was a sharp pull, and there was the minister with his head as bare and shiny as an ivory ball, and there was Sally lookin' ready to faint, with his wig in her hand!"

"Well, she gave one scream that was fit to wake the dead, and dropped it right down on the floor. Growler didn't wait for no second invitation, he sprung up, took the wig in his mouth and raced off as if he was mad, tossin' it and growlin' as he went. Mr. Allen started after him, but the dog thought this was part of the play, so he went up one aisle and down the other, and then out of the door, and away as fast as his legs could carry him, and poor Mr. Allen behind."

"Brother Ralph jumped up and made a grab at the minister's coat-tails, shoutin' as loud as he could—'Stop! don't run! the more you chase him the further he'll go, but I want a bit of use—he jist ran on, and in a minute they were both out of sight. Most of the young men started off to see the fun, as they said, and as for that onucky Sally Stiles, she fainted in good earnest, which made more confusion. 'Sech a hubbub you never saw! every one askin' questions, and laughin', and the girls a holdin' up Sally and sprinklin' her face with cold water, and Miss Stiles cryin', for Sally's fainitin' gave her sech a turn—and in the midst of it all most of the small boys went and helped themselves to as much cake and ice cream as they could git, and all without payin', either."

"Aunt Betsy saw 'em first, and made a grab at Johnny Evans, jist as he was dipplin' into the freezer, and somehow, between 'em they upset the coffee kittle, and it streamed all over everything."

"Well, that was the finishin' touch—we never sold another penny's worth that night—and at last, sechin' that folks was beginnin' to go, Amos Hall proposed to auction off the hull lot for us."

"But Aunt Betsy said, and I agreed with her, that we better save the cake for the Sunday picnic, and give it a chance to dry, for things was mostly soppy wet with the coffee, and I knew well enough Amos would jist make a lot of fun and then knock the hull down to Mandy Jones; he's always so sweet upon her."

"So we broke up right off, three or four of us stayin' to clear the muss, of course, and count the money, and little there was to count, I can tell you, Miss Harwood."

"Exactly where the minister got his wig back no one ever knew, no more than we even knew about his wearin' one before that evenin'. But he's been dreadf'ly shy of us all ever since, never drops in of an afternoon to tea, now, and Miss Stiles told me last week that the Davis girls heard that Miss Bruce said that she shouldn't be surprised if he didn't stay his year out."

"Too bad, isn't it, Miss Harwood? and all the doin's of those girls, too—I could slap every one of 'em when I think of it. Of course no sensible woman would think the less of the poor man jist because he wears a wig, and such a natural one, too, but a body can't tell him so, you know, and so I suppose we'll have to lose him."

"Anyway, I'm gettin' more and more discouraged with our church matters, and no wonder, I guess you'll say."

Miss Melissa looked so sad that it was really quite touching.

Teaching Birds.

A native of Alsace, but now living in New York city, has been successful in teaching birds to sing. Recently he taught one of our American robins to do. The bird was kept by him in a dark room, with a small music-box set to play only one tune. "My Mary Ann," made popular by Harrigan and Hart in their farces. A dozen times a day or more, this music-box ground out this one tune. The owner of the bird is a good whistler and something of a musician. At such odd hours as he could get from his work he went to the room where the bird was confined and whistled the tune. Occasionally he would take his violin to the room and play "My Mary Ann." The robin heard no music but this, and as a consequence in a couple of months began to sing this song. When he got so he could whistle it from beginning to end his improvement ceased. And now he sings at intervals this plaintive air in rivalry with the music-box, and much to the delight of the owner. The imitative faculty thus developed has clung to the bird, who is now constantly picking up new notes, and has perfected itself in a portion of one of the airs from "Fatinizta." It has also learned to speak three French phrases, and has acquired the habit of calling out in a shrill whistle, "Jules," the name of its owner's son. Altogether it is a famous bird, and its owner will not part with it for any amount of money. The method pursued by this native of Alsace is that pursued by trainers in Europe who make the education of song birds a specialty. The bullfinch is their favorite student, because it learns the most readily, can acquire two or three tunes, and is a favorite in the market. These trainers, generally peasants, will fill a darkened room with cages of bullfinches, and teach them by the use of what is known as a bird-organ to whistle some particular tune. The bird-organ is a baby hand organ, and plays only the one song the teacher desires his scholars to learn. This is ground out to them a dozen times daily, and in a month or two the pupils are graduated, and apparently revel in their education, abandoning their natural song for the artificial one. The violin or music-box is often substituted for the bird-organ, but one of the three is always an accompaniment to the education of a song-bird. Our young canaries take their mu-

sical schooling from their male parents, and as these birds have no song peculiar to the species, the male birds among them have many songs. Generally, however, the bird-fanciers, or persons who make a business of rearing canaries, select a fine singer and allow the young birds to hear only his song, which by and by they learn to imitate. Our common mocking birds, having no notes or song peculiar to themselves, are often taught a variety of tunes. When left to themselves they are mere imitators, and often pick up a variety of sounds and so acquire a mere gabble of noise with, properly speaking, no music in it.

Queer Things in New Zealand.

The queerest thing I ever seen out here, is the so-called "bulrush caterpillar," or "vegetable caterpillar." This is also found in New Zealand, where the natives name it "Aweto Hotele," but I have two specimens found in Tasmania. The plant is a fungus, a spheria, which grows seven or eight inches above the ground, generally in a single stem, round, and curving at the end like a serpent. This end is thickly covered with brown seed for some three inches. It grows near the root of a particular tree, the "rata." When pulled up, its single root is found to consist of a large caterpillar, three inches long, which, when dissected, is found to be solid wood. Every detail of this grub is preserved.

The spheria always grows out of the nape of its neck. It is supposed that when this grub, (that of a large moth,) burrows in the ground, one of the seeds gets between the scales of the neck, strikes root, and completely turns the interior of the creature into its own substance. Only the shell is left intact, no smallest rootlet appearing anywhere. The Aborigines also eat this pure white grub, and a friend tells me, that, taken raw, it is delicious. The New Zealanders also burn the caterpillar-root and rub it into their tattoo wounds. A good many white people, it is said, believe that the plant actually develop the caterpillar form, and if this be true, we cannot laugh much at those who believed in the vegetable Scythian Lamb, and the Mandrake Man, of which specimens are preserved in the Surgeons' Museum at London.

The multiplication of rats in these far-off towns, (they are not found in the bush though mice swarm there), is such as to incline one to Mr. Walter Besant's belief in Whittington's cat. Any sensible lander would pay much to be rid of such pests. I was unwise enough to bring a wicker trunk, and on the Pacific steamer the rats entered it and devoured the nice soft parts of my boots. With their usual daintiness, they preferred patent leather. In Hobart I was at Sunday supper in a gentleman's house, when suddenly the ladies began to climb on their chairs in an astonishing way, and the young men to rub about with poker and tongs. They had not thought it necessary to explain that a rat had entered the room, which was in the second story. It was not an uncommon occurrence, and a gentleman present said it was one of his amusements to shoot rats in his bath-room with a pistol.—Monrore D. Conway, in Phila. Times.

A Retired Wonder.

For some time past persons passing on Market street, opposite the Baldwin Hotel, have seen the painting of a hideous nondescript creature representing a wild man, covered with long black hair, duly labeled, "What is it?" The inquisitive minded, on paying 10 cents, were ushered into an apartment where the hairy original of the street painting was found handcuffed and caged, and howling over a disgusting piece of raw beef. The visitors were informed by a keeper, who carries a formidable looking club to keep the wild man in subjection, that the wild man was captured on an island in the Pacific Ocean, and that in the capture several men were killed and many were wounded.

A reporter, however, on making a few inquiries regarding the phenomenon, ran across a young German who made the startling statement that he had been the dime museum hairy man. "Yes, I vos de great vat vos it." Further inquiry and a glass of beer brought out the following story of the wild and hairy man fraud. Soon after arriving in this city Carl Schweitzer, the ex-wild man, met a man commonly known as "Long Nose" Levy, who engaged him for the "Eighth Wonder of the World," the Great "What Is It?" and promised to pay him \$3.00 a day for getting as hideous as possible. Levy took the man to his room, and when the German had disrobed, the show man covered him from head to foot with gum arabic and ether. Levy then took a cup of black curly dog's hair, and after an hour's steady work, the "Great What Is It?" was produced without the shedding of human blood or an unnecessary trip to the South Sea Islands. Not a square of bare flesh the size of a thumb nail could be found but what was covered with a shaggy coat. A dirty rag was placed around his loins and the new-born wild man was then instructed how to act. He was told to howl, grin and scare children, but to use no English word but "yes" and only that when he was asked to take a drink. By this trick the management got all the liquid refreshment sent in to the wild man. After swindling the public for several days Levy and the "What Is It?" had a financial difficulty and he and the Wild Man from the South Sea Islands parted company. The trouble then began in earnest, as Levy put the dog hair on so firmly that the German could not get it off. Said he:

"I goes to de steam bat, to de Hamham bat, to de herb bat; I use zobe und broom, but the tam hair only comes off my yace. Look here," showing his arms, which were still covered with hair. The ex-"What Is It?" then started off down the street to take another bath.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A RECENT advertisement read as follows: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the late-roofed grocer's shop he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more, with the name engraved on it."

NOTICE.

The Following Statements are Published for the Benefit of the Public—Read and Reflect.

"I consider that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure." F. B. RANDOLPH, Jersey City, N. J. 203 Jewett Ave.

